

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man liuing shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vse them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges.

Exit *Margaret*.

Bene. And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so truly turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: marrie I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, home, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in festiuall tearmes:

Enter *Beatrice*.

sweete *Beatrice* wouldst thou come when I cald thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart vnkist.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue indeede, for I loue thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart I thinke, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceably.

Beat. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Bene. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if Don worne (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witness is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cofin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter *Ursula*.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonder old coile at home, it is proued my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falselie accus'd, the Prince and *Claudio* mightilie abus'd, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy cies: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles.

Exeunt.

Enter *Claudio*, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Claudio. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Epitaph.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the *Hero* that here lies:

Death in guerdon of her wrongs,

Giues her fame which neuer dies:

So the life that dyed with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tombe,

Praising her when I am tombe.

Claudio. Now mulick sound & sing your solemne hymne.

Song.

Pardon goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, helpe vs to sigh and grone,
Heauily, heauily,
Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauily, heauily.

(this right)

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do
Prin. Good morrow masters, put your Torchets out,
The wolues haue preid, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheelles of *Phoebus*, round about
Dapples the drowfie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Claudio. Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way.

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatos* we will goe.

Claudio. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

Then

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. Exeunt.

Enter *Leonato*, Bene, *Marg.*, *Ursula*, old man, *Frier*, *Hero*.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and *Claudio* who accus'd her, vpon the errour that you heard debated.

Bene. *Margaret* was in some faule for this, Although against her will as it appeares, In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd: The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre To visit me, you know your office Brother,

You must be father to your brothers daughter, And giue her to young *Claudio*. Exeunt Ladies.

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them: Signior *Leonato*, truh it is good Signior, Your nece regards me with an eye of fauour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me, From *Claudio*, and the Prince, but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer fir is Enigmaticall, But for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd, In the state of honourable marriage,

In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and *Claudio*, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow *Claudio*: We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,

To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claudio. He hold my minde were she an Ethiopie.

Leo. Call her forth Brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedicke*, why what's the matter?

That you haue such a Februarie face, So full of frost, of storme, and clowdiness.

Claudio. I thinke he thinks vpon the sauge bull: Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy homes with gold,

And all Europa shall reioyce at thee, As once Europa did at lusty *Ioue*,

When he would play the noble beast in loue.

Bene. Bull *Ioue* sir, had an amiable low, And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,

A got a Calfe in that same noble feat, Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.

Enter Brother, *Hero*, *Beatrice*, *Margaret*, *Ursula*.

Claudio. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Leo. This fame is she, and I doe giue you her.

Claudio. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leo. No that you shal not, till you take her hand, Before this Frier, and I weare to marry her.

Claudio. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier, I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,

And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.

Claudio. Another *Hero*? *Beatrice* *Margaret* *Ursula*

Hero. Nothing cert

One *Hero* died, but I

And surely as I liue, I a

Prin. The former *Hero*

Leo. Shee died my l

Frier. All this amaze

When after that the hol

He tell you largely of fa

Meane time let wonder

And to the chappell let

Bene. Soft and faire

Beat. I answer to tha

Bene. Doe not you l

Beat. Why no, no m

Bene. Why then you

dio, haue beene deceiue

Beat. Doe not you l

Bene. Troth no, no

Beat. Why then my

Are much deceiue'd, for

Bene. They swore y

Beat. They swore y

Bene. 'Tis no matter,

Beat. No truly, but in

Leo. Come Cofin,

Claudio. And Ile be swe

For heres a paper writte

A halting sonnet of his

Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And heeres at

Writ in my cofins hand,

Containing her affection

Bene. A miracle, her

hearts: come I will haue

thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not d

yeeld vpon great perswa

for I was told, you were

Leo. Peace I will st

Prin. How dost thou

Bene. He tell thee wh

crackers cannot flout m

think I care for a Satyre

be beaten with braines,

about him: in brieft, fin

thinke nothing to any p

gainst it, and therefore n

against it: for man is a g

clusion: for thy part *Cla*

thee, but in that thou art

bruis'd, and loue my cor

Cla. I had well hop'd

I might haue cudgel'd t

thee a double dealer, wh

if my Cousin doe not loo

Bene. Come, come,

ere we are married, tha

and our wiues heeles.

Leo. Wee'll haue dat

Bene. First, of my v

thou art sad, get thee a v

staff more reuerend the

Messen. My Lord, ye

And brought with arme

Bene. Thinke not on

thee braue punishments